LOVES CRVELTIE.

A TRAGEDY,

As it was presented by her Majesties Servants, at the private House in *Drury* Lane.

Written by *James Shirley* Gent.

LONDON,
Printed by *Tho. Cotes*, for *Andrew Crooke*.
1640.

LOVES
CRUELTIES.

A

TRAGEDY.

As it was preferred by her
Majesties Servants at the Private
House in Drury Lane.

Written by James Shirley Gent.

To the hopefull paire of noble brothers, Cornet *George Porter*, and Mr. *Charles Porter*.

THe knowledge of your growing virtues, have begot in all men love, in me admiration, and a desire to serve the manifold obligations I have to the true Example of worth Captaine Endemion Porter, instructed me to this presentation of my devoted respects to your noble selves, the true Ideas of his virtues. You are so equall in all the attributes of goodnesse, that it were a difficult indeavor for mee to distinguish betweene your perfections: Onely noble Captaine that prioraty which your birth has allowed you, ingages me in the first place to tender my service to your selfe, which I imagin'd could not have beene really accomplish'd, had I not joynd your brother in this act of my gratitude to you. Accept therefore heroicke paire of brothers, this tender of his best devotions to you who has no greater ambition then to be esteemed,

the true servant of both
your virtues

W. A.

LOVES CRVELTY.

Actus Primus.

Enter Bellamente, Clariana.

Cla.
You shanot goe, indeed you shanot
Bel. Lady.
Cla. Vnlesse the fault of your poore entertainment
Bel. Nay now you trespasse, and dishonour me
With a suspition that I can be so
Vnjust, as not to acknowledge, you haue made
A free, and liberall welcome—but excuse
Cla. Loue shall supply, what else hath beene defective,
To expresse my thankes for your kind visit
Bel. Tis
Businesse that now ravish me away
By this white hand, which but to kisse, would tempt me
To dwell an age here, I must waite vpon
The Duke
Cla. Why so you may
Bel. Tis now my time.
Cla. You are not tied to such a strict obseruance
That halfe an houre can preiudice you, come
I know you may dispence with dutie so much.
Bel. You may command;
Cla. Not any thing that shall
Reflect iniurious to your selfe,
Bel. I know

You haue more charity.
Cla. If there be other
Cauſe, that concernes your honor, or your fortune,
Truſt me, I would not by a minites ſtay
Be guilty of your wrong, and yet me thinkes
If there were any thing you might tell me;
Ther's not a thought, that I dare keepe from you,
No ſigh but you may know from whence it breakes,
I haue not had a teare, but you haue ſearchd
The very ſpring, come iſt ſome other friend?
Bel. O doe not ſo farre wound your ſervant Madam
To thinke my heart can allow any time
For the imagination of another
Woman, did all the goodneſſe of the ſexe
Conſpire in one without you, I ſhould loue
My firſt election, and be bleſt to write
All my devotion here; if by the title
Of friend, you vnderſtand a man, there is
But one in the whole world I dare call friend,
And I am confident it would trouble me
As much to find a cauſe that would offend him
As to be guilty of the ſinne.
Cla. Hippolito.
Bel. If he expected me a day, the crime
Were eaſily purg'd, I can preſume on him
Cla. This is but little of that Character
I haue heard your tongue deliuer, if his loue
Be what you often haue proclaimd, truſt me
He is a treaſure
Bel. Such as both the Indies
Sha'not buy, from me,
Cla. What thing's rare in him
'Bove other friends?
Bel. His love his love *Clariana*;
Cla. That may be found in many.
Bel. But not ſo rich of ſo exact a nature
All other is but droſſie;
Cla. He will venture

His life to aduance your cauſe
Bel. He has don't often
But that is not the thing for which I boſome
Hippolite, I can returne full weight
Of blood for his, engage my ſelfe to dangers
As high and horrid as he can for me,
But every daring fellow in the ſtreet
Can draw a ſword, and will for his gay honour
Which ſwaies him more then his religion,
I'th field maintaine a good or impious quarrell:
But he is ſuch a one to me, the name
Of friend's too narrow for him, and I want
A word that carries more divinitly
To expreſſe his love.
Cla. You are not nice to extoll him,
What has he done?
Bel. An act above all friendſhip
That yet had ſtory, bov'e all recompence
I am not capable of a cauſe, to quit
His vnexampled vertue;
Cla. This is ſtrange
Bel. You will acknowledge when you heare it, and
It does concerne you ſomewhat.
Cla. Me, pray let not
My ignorance make me ſo vnhappy, not
To give my thankes if he hath aym'd apat
Of curteſie to me, what iſt?
Bel. He dares not ſee thee
Cla. Dares not ſee me why
Am I ſo terrible? does he feare I ſhall
Transforme him? ſure *Minerva* never dreſt
My haires, he ſhould imagine I preſent
Meduſa to him, dares not ſee me? I
Shoot no infection, nor breath any miſt
That ſhall corrupt him, whats his reaſon pray?
Bel. Becauſe I love thee, I ha courted him
As ſome would do their miſtreſſe, but to be
Companion of one viſit, and his love

Would not permit him
Cla. Not to see your friend.
Bel. He loves me so well, that he dares not trust
His frailty with thy sight, whom I have so
Commended, least before our marriage
Some thing should share in his affection
Which he hath studied to preserue intire
For me, he will not trust his eyes with any
Beauty I loue, least they should stray with too much
Licence, and by degrees corrupt his faith
He knowes not what may theiue upon his seness
Or what temptation may rise from him.
To undoe us all
Cla. A rare and noble friendship.
Bel. Ist not *Clariana?*
Cla. He need not feare I shall
Commit a rape upon his friendship, and
A love so just and perfect as his, cannot
With one sight of a woman, armd with more
Beauty then mine, be violated;
He dares not trust his frailty, he has faults
Belike though he be such a miracle
In friendship, pray enioy him, and by no meanes
Tempt his soft nature to a crime so great
As seeing me, it shall suffice my love's
To thee inviolable, and what opinion
For your sake, I may modestly allow
The man I never saw, because your friend
Be confident he has it.
Bel. That 't all sweetnesse
But I forget my attendance on the Duke
Now you allow my absence, vertuous thoughts
Streame in your bosome.
Cla. Not one kisse at parting?
Bel. Let one speake the devotion of your servant
That would but dares not stay, to print a thousand.
Cla. Milena. *Exit.*
Mil Madam,

Cla.

Cla. Is *Bellamente* gone?

Mil. Yes Madam

Cla. I muſt ſee this ſtrange friend, bid make ready
The Caroch, and do attend——

Mil. I ſhall

Cla. Dares not truſt his frailty with a woman, a fine fellow!

Enter Hippolito. Courtier.

Hip. Eubella come to Court

Cour. This morning Sir
And much grac'd by the Duke, *Sebaſtian*
Her father made a Knight

Hip. A Knight? Wy much good doot him, hee's a gentleman may deſerve it for his daughters ſake. The Duke has the advantage, he is able to make great men, there is no bande to a round penſion *per annum*, or the ſevere brow of authority, promotion will turne the ſtomack, we under-ſinners o'the commonwealth, ha nothing but our good parts to procure for us, ſhe is like to become gameroyall then. (Ducheſſe,

Cour. The Duke pretends ſhe ſhall be in ſome place neere the

Hip. In ſome neere place with the Duke, when the Ducheſſe is in another bed and never Dreames on't; ſhe may in time be a gamſter, in the meane time the Duke will play at Cards with her, and if he chance turne up a coate, the honor ſhall be hers, and a ſtock perhaps to ſet up the precious ſinne withall, is ſhe not yet Ladified?

Cour. She is in the way to riſe

Hip. Thou art miſtaken, ſhe is in the way to fall, a hanſome Gentlewoman and new come to Court, in the high way to fall too, if any thing will doot, the Duke has taken a courſe to take in her Maiden towne.

Cour. Did not you love her?

Hip. No faith, I cannot properly ſay I did ever love her, ſhe was too honeſt, if ſhe have praid ſince, ſhe has beene ſorry for loving me ſo well,—ſhe was too wiſe to be a whoore, and I was not ſo much a foole to marry, till my time were come,

Cour. What time?

Hip. Why the fall of the leafe, when my Summer is over, the Dog-days may do much wo me, marry before one and thirty?

a soleſciſme, tis more honorable to be a peepe out, then ſtand at a ſingle game, tis neither Courtly nor faſhionable, and whats become of her wiſe brother?

Cour. He cannot do amiſſe in the generall aduancement, if his father and ſiſter riſe —

Hip. He muſt needs ſhew a high forehead, tis ſuch a dog in a wheele, hee'le never become a doublet in faſhion, he talkes as if he had read Poetry out of Almanacks, and makes a leg like a Farmer, I wonder who begot him?

Cour. His father.

Hip. What father? It had beene a queſtion, had his mother beene a Courtier, and not liv'd and died honeſt in the Country, they that looke upon him, and his ſiſter, would never think two, *Pollux* and *Helena*, twinnes, i'th ſame egge, yet ſhe may be a good hen hereafter and lay, but and he be not addled, he is wiſer then his nurſe tooke him for

Cour. Will you not ſee 'em in?

Hip. Where are they?

Co. I'th garden where the Duke hath beene this halfe houre in private diſcourſe with her

Hip. No Ile backe agen, I ha not eaten to day, and I dare not looke upon an honeſt woman faſting, tis ominous, and we have too many fiſhdayes already, if the Duke aske for me make ſome excuſe, (ſervices,

Co. I owe my preferment to you, and you may challenge my

Enter Bellamente.

Bel. Friend whither in ſuch haſt

Hip. If thou lov'ſt me interrupt me not, I dare not ſtay, there are new things at Court, and I ha not provided a complement yet Ile ſee thee anon.

Bel. Farewell. Wild as the wind ſome crochet has poſſeſt him
And he is fixt to follow't he but wants
A litle pruning, and no Courtier
Could grow up more accompliſht, I could wiſh him
An ounce or two of ſnow to qualifie
Some fury in his blood, were there no women
He would be a brave man, but why do I
Trouble my ſelfe, that am ſecure? the Duke.

Enter

Enter Duke leading Eubella, Sebastian, Bovalda, Court.

Du. You are too modest
Eu That was not wont to be a vice my Lord
Or if it be too homely for the Court
And out of fashion, with your highnes pardon
I shall be welcome with it, to the place
I came from.
Seb. Hold that constant my *Eubella*,
Du. Will you still be ignorant?
Bo. Is not that your daughter?
Seb She was
Bo. Has she found another father?
Seb. She has found a miserie
Bo. Let them tell the markes that lost it and take it agen
By my consent
Du. Bellamente
Bel. My Lord
Du. Is she not an excellent creature, wer't not pitty
That so much beautie should be cast away
Vpon a thankless woman?
Be. How sir
Du. That wonot use it to her best advantage?
I have beene courting this houre for
A smile.
Bel. I like not this
Seb Nor I.
Bel. I cannot but congratulate your good fortune
Seb. Do not, do not
You ever have beene held an honest man.
Pray, do not mock me, it has pleas'd his grace
To give, me a new name; a riban in my forehead (taster,
Bo. Sebastian's a forehorse-but would I were to be the Dukes
Seb. But there's a price too great set for the honor,
That is my daughter sir, and though I say't
She is yet a virgin, would you part with such
A child to buy a Kinghthood? bribe at such
Expence for a poore title?
Bel. Tis darke language

I dare not understand you, but you may
Mistake the Duke
Seb. I wod I did, the way
To be assurd is to aske the question sir
Du. Sebastian you put us well in mind, we have forgot
You have too litle testemonie of our favour
You shall be Captaine of our Guard
Bo. Howes that? the Duke does love her, I hope not Honestly, she was not borne to he a Dutchesse, I have it Heaven forgive us, the Duke meanes to make her owne father the Pander, tis so, he does not use to give such offices for nothing, well go thy wayes for a princely Ferret, she cannot hold out upon these termes
Seb. I know not what to say, but do you thinke
She shall be safe here, is the Court a Sanctuary
For virgins?
Bo. Tw'ere better you were both pickeld,
Seb. It depends upon the Princes chastity
Whose example builds up vertue
Or makes iniquity a trade
Du. Why should you
Be such an enemy to your selfe, come faire one
Thinke who it is that Courts you, he that may
Command.
Eu. My life but not my honor.
Du. Your honor? why I offer in exchange
A thousand.
Eu. But not all of value, to
Repurchase mine, when I have sold it to
Your wantonnesse, remember sir how much,
You may by one black deed, make forfeit of,
Your precious eternity
Du. No doctrines.
Eu. Warrant not so much ill by your example
To those that live beneath you, if you suffer,
That sordid viceraigne in your blood, who shano't
Be a fraid to live with vertue
Du. Let a kisse correct this vnkind language

Bo. I want patience to see any man kisse
A handsome Gentlewoman, and when my owne lips
Cannot use their owne priviledge, I propheſie what will
Become on her, for all her modesty, but dare stay
No longer the sight of so much temptation.
Seb. Why should any
Promotion charme my honest tongue? Ide rather
Plough my owne acres with my innocence
Then have my name advanc'd by poisoned honor;
He must not Whoore my daughter
Be. I commend.
Your noble soule, but be adviſ'd how you
Expresse your trouble, griefe while it is dumb
Doth fret within, but when we give our thoughts
Articulate sound we must distinguish hearers,
Princes are dangerous and carry death
Vpon their tongue, I wish you well and speake
My friendly counsell—'las poore gentleman!
Du. Come you must weare this Iewell, I have don,
But you must live at Court
Eu. You will be just
To your owne honor, and not give me cause
To curse your entertainement
Du. Y'are too scrupulous.
Seb. Great sir
Du. Give order for his Patent to be drawne
We will create him Lord, no honor can
Reward your merit, and the title will
Become the father of this excellent maide
Co. His mouth's stopdagen.
2. Lord? What does the Duke meane?
1.3. No harme to the Gentlewoman.
2 *Co.* If these wonot purchase the old-mans consent to leave his Daughter to his highnesse mercie, for he wishes that she may be humbled, there are other courses to be thought on, *Sebastian* has beene a Souldier, there are quarells now in the world and Christian warres he were a fit man for a Generall when hee's abroad, the siege at home wonot be so desperate.

1. *Co.* She must be the Court Starre:
2. *Co.* Do not you blaze it abroad neither, I do not
Thinke his grace will acquaint his counsell
With such a cause
3. The old man for ought I see has no stomack to it:
Du. Wheres *Hippolito*?
1. *Co.* I see him this morning.
Du. He is an active Courtier, practis'd in these amorous
Paths, weele try his skill to winne her to our
Close embrace, command him presently waite on vs
Bellamenti.
Seb. We heare you are to be married.
En. Ill tell you more hereafter
I do not like the Court, and yet I have
His royall word no force shall touch my chastity.
Seb. Be resolute for thy honor, I weigh not
The titles he would heape, remember girle
Thy mothers vertue, since thy birth, though noble
Cannot expect his Courtship for thy selfe,
Scorne to be cald a Lady for his pleasure
Enter Bovaldo
Du. Signior Bovaldo, wheres your sonne?
Bo. So please your highnesse hee's not ith Court
Vnlesse he be in some o'the lobbyes, I could
Not examine all: ha? tis come about, and the
Father Ile lay my life is laying the law to her,
Why was not I a Duke, I have as many titil-
lations, though I be the elder huntsman.
Du. You would not thanke us for
A law, that none about our Court should marry ere we
Choose a wife our selfe.
Bo. Your grace is pleasant
Du. Tell me what hast heard of that *Eubella*?
Bo. A very noble character.
Du. What doe you call noble?
Bo. She's chast and vertuous
Du. A vertuous folly but we let her coole
Too much; *Eubella*

Seb.

Seb. I know not, ſtill I feare her innocence
Is not enough to guard her, if the Duke
Purſue her vitiouſly, what is a virgin
Againſt ſo many flattering temptations?
Du. Come faireſt.
Seb. I would you would be pleaſd my Lord
Du. I am infinitely pleaſd my Lord, with that rare modeſty
Sets on this cheeke, and with thy ſelfe whom we
Have not yet grac'd ſufficiently, our ſtate
Doth want ſuch able honeſt men, and we
Admit you to our high and ſecret counſels;
I propheſie the Dukedome ſhall owe much
To your care, and grave directions.
Exeunt all but Sebaſtian and Bovaldo.
Bo. Hayda a Privy Counſelor too,
We are like to have a fine ſmock-age ont, virgins will be virgins
If the Duke hold this humour and at ſuch price foreſtall the market;
A widow will be excellent meat againe; hee's Melancholy,
Seb. Shall I be choakd with honors and not ſpeake?
Where is my courage, ſhall a few gay titles
Corrupt a father? *Bovaldo* thou art reported a
Good fellow.
Bo. Would you were as right for your owne ſake:
Seb. Is there no tricke to give a man a ſpirit?
I would be valiant; I dare not talke;
Bo. If you have a mind to quarrell drinke.
Seb. Well thought on, that ſhall arme me againſt all
His flattery, ſhall's to a Tauerne?
Bo. Ile beare you company
Seb. It ſhall be ſo; the Courts too open,
You ſhall command *Sebaſtian*
Bo. My Lord—
Seb. No titles, Ile thither to forget em and drinke my ſelfe into a heate above his conjuration, if there be a ſpirit in wine Ile ſwallow it: How is man falne, that to preſerue his name and defend innocence muſt fly to ſhame.
Bo. Ile lead you ſir.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Hippolito Fencer.

Hip. COme on sir.
Fen. Pretty well I protest sa, keepe your guard, now sir
Hip. What de e thinke ont, I shall never hit your subtle body
Fen. A very dextrous profet, bring it home, everwhile you live
Bring your weapon home,
Hip. Agen sir
Fe. But you do not hit me the neat Schoole-way,
I wont give a rush to bek ish'd out of the Schoole-way, you must
Falsifie thus.
Hip. How now man?
Fe. Pretty well, let us breath

Enter Page and whispers to his Master.

Hi. A Gentlewoman?
Pag. That has woed me sir, if it were possible, to see you, first
At some distance
Hi. Is she handsome?
Pa. I am no comeptent judge of beauty, but if you will have
My verdit, she is guilty of a good face.
Hi. Ile trouble you no more, I thanke you for this exercise
Fe. The tother bout (businesse
Pa. Faces about good Master Fencer, my Master has some
You and I will trie a veine below
Fe. I would have another thrust I protest
Pa. Not downe staires, what if my master desire to try his skill
With some body else, *Exit.*

Enter Clariana.

Hi. What means the Gentlewoman? I am not to be bought Lady.
Cla. If you were I have not wealth enough to purchase you.
Hi. Do not over value me neither.
Cla. I would I had not seene him
Hi. Have you businesse with me Lady?
Expect me in the next roome.
Cla. I came sir but to see you
Hi. To see how I doe, why I thanke you, you are pretty, and I

Am

Am'well, what and they were both put together

Cla. You may accuse my modesty that thus rudely, ——— I

Hi, Nay Lady, you cannot offend me that way, I can be as Rude as you—

Cla. What shall I say? d'ee know me sir?

Hi. No good faith not I, but I shall desire to know you any way You please

Cla. Did you never see me?

Hi. See you? you have a beauty would challenge a remembrance But sure I was not so happy till this minute

Cla. You are a Courtier and can flatter.

Hi. And such beauty was made to be flattered

Cla. Tis a signe it carries not merit enough along to justifie it But tis as it is, I cannot help it, yet I could paint if I list

Hi. The more excellent, I do not love your artificiall faces, give Me one that dares blush, and have but her owne colour for't Her'es a cheeke hath both Creame and Strawberies suit a lip with Cheeries that say come eate me.

Cla. You are very bold

Hi. Not so bold as you are welcome, you say you came to see me And I would satisfie more then one of your sences. I do not Know your name,

Cla. What would you do with it, if I told you?

Hi. Lay it up precious to memory, and open it as a relick for Men to do it reverence, at my crowned table drinke a health To the excellent owner, and call it my everlasting Valentine.

Cla. You would not

Hi. By this kisse but I would;

Cla. No swearing

Hip. I cannot take too deepe an oath in such briske claret, Say shall I know it Lady?

Cla. Excuse me sir

I would not have my name be the tost for every cup of Sack You drinke, you wild Gallants have no mercy upon Gentlewomen, when you are warme i the Canaries

Hi. Why conceale it, I am not in love with a name, and yet I have a Grudging, a suspition, that you ha paund or lost it

Cla. What?

Hi. Your good name, but let it go, I can tarry 'till you recover it, I have a bed within Lady, and a Couch.

Cla. What to do?

Hi. Nothing but to laugh and ly downe:

Cla. You are very merry sir. I do like him infinitly, I came for no such purpose, I am not so weary but I can walke

Hi. There is a Gallery to walke after.

Cla. I find it true, what you are reported;

Hi. Leave this impertinency, and resolue me agen what you Came hither for

Cla. If you will have the truth, I heard you had a wit, and A tall one, and I came hither

Hi. To take it downe,

Cla. To try the keenesse, I confesse it has a pretty edge ont, not altogether so sharpe as a rasor

Hi. Very good, I shall love this periwinke.

Cla. They say you love women too

Hi. So they, say, but dare not ly with e'm

Cla. I do not beleeve you can love any woman truly, that love so many

Hi. Belike you hold some intelligence in my affaires, and have a Catalogue of all my gennets, I thinke there be some women In the world that wish me well, and shan't I Love 'em againe?
The misery on't is, I have never a Mistresse

Cla. Do you not confesse many?

Hi. Women I grant, some moveables, trimmings for a chamber things that serve the turne, but never a mistresse one that I would love and honor above all, my Lady Paramount, and super-intendent Lindabrides and such an Empresse would thou were.

Enter Page.

Pa. Sir one from the Duke

Hi. The Duke; Lady Ile waite upon you presently.

Cla. I dare not name his friend nor who I am
All is not well within me.

Hi. say I attend his grace immediately, Lady pardon my former rude trespasses, how vnwelcome the cause is that must divorce me from your sweet company I can onely imagine, but if you dare

be

be so gracious, having already so much honord me to entertaine the time of my absence in that gallery, where some Pictures may helpe away the time, you will oblige in the highest degree your servant, as I am a Gentleman I will returne instantly, and acknowledge the infinite favors.

Cla. The worst is past already, and I am desperately engag'd
I have not yet exprest the businesse sir
That brought me hither, confident of your nobleness
I will expect a while,
Pray send my servant to me
Good fortunes w'ee

Hi. I must not loose her yet,
Lady with your pardon, you shall keepe possession a while,
This key will secure you till my returne.
I hope it will be a fashion shortly for Gentlewomen to come home and take their tribute, it will be some reliefe to our landresses.
Venus grant me a speedy returne,
And she scapes me very hard if she have not her come againe. *Exe.*

Enter Duke, Bellamente, Enballa, Courtiers.

Du. Yet Lady have you changd your resolution
May I now hope to be admitted?

En. Whether?

Du. To your embraces

En. Sir I dare not tell you
What I would say, I would some other man
Might pleade your argument, I should be plaine
And bolder in my answer, in your person
There's something makes me fearefull to expresse
What is behind, another in your name
Would more encourage me to speake.

Du. I'me glad,
I have provided for your modestie
I wonder hee's so tedious——

En. Whither will these libidinous flames of men.
Pursue poore virgins? does a generall feaver *Enter Hip.*
Possesse their bloods? who shall protect the chast?

Hi. When would you have me doot?

Du.

Du. Now she is in presence.

Hi. I am not so well
Fortified as I may be an hour hence

Du. It must not be delaid, I will prepare her.

Hi. I am undone, the poore Gentlewoman will be in Purgatory when she finds I ha lock'd her up, and how to release her I know not, no tricke, no device? *Bellamento* prethee friend go to my lodging, and with this key release a Gentlewoman, that expects my returne, the Duke has put a scurvy businesse upon me, kisse her hand for me, and excuse my stay, wot? tell her hereafter I hope we shall meet and not be distracted, my honor is in pawne,

Bel. You dare trust me with your tame foule belike, for once Because there is necessity, Ile take some compassion a your Pigions, yet you refusd to see my Mistresse, d'ee remember?

Hi. No quittance now.

Du. This is the man Lady, d'ee start already? winne her to the Game—

Hi. Ile do what I canne; I may have better luck for you then For my selfe, give us opportunity.

Eu. Has the Duke pointed him to be his oratour

Hi. Lady I bring you newes, which you must welcome, And give me thanks for,

Eu. If they be worthy.

Hi. The Duke loves you.

Eu. D'ee know sir what you say?

Hi. I am not drunke, the Duke, I say does love you

Eu. Oh do not use that modest name of love
To apparrell sinne, I know you meant to tell me
The Duke pursues me with hot lust.

Hip. You are a foole,
You understand his meaning, will you be wise, and meet it? such favours are not offred to every body, I ha knowne as hansome a Lady as you, would ha given all the world, and her selfe too for a bribe to any man that would ha procurd her but a kisse, nay as honest women no dispraise ha longd for't, and it was mercie in his highnesse to save the childs nose, you have the whole treasure presented to you, *Jupiter* in a golden shower falling into your lap intreats to be accepted, come

You

You must receive him

Eu. Whom?

Hip. The Duke

Eu. Withall the duty of a servant,

Hi. Thats well said

Eu. If he bring vertuous thoughts along with him

Hi. Bring a Fiddlestick, come you do not know what it is to be a Dukes Mistresse, to enjoy the pleasures o'the Court, to have all heads bare, the knees bow to you, every doore fly open as you tread, with your breath to raise this Gentleman, pull downe that Lord, and new mold the tother Lady, weare upon a tire the wealth of a province, have all the fashions brought first to you, all Courtiers sue to you, Tilts and Turnaments for you; to have the aire you live in, nay your very breath perfumd, the pavement you tread upon kisst, nay your Dog, or Munkey, not saluted without an officious leg, and some title of reverence. Are you Melancholy? a Maske is prepared, and Musicke to charme *Orpheus* himselfe into a stone, numbers presented to your eare that shall speake the soule of the immortall English *Ionson*, a scene to take your eye with wonder, now to see a forrest move, and the pride of summer brought into a walking wood, in the instant as if the sea had swallowed up the earth, to see waves capering about tall ships, *Arion* upon a rocke playing to the Dolphins, the *Tritons* calling up the sea-Nimphes to dance before you; in the height of this rapture a tempest so artificiall and suddaine in the clouds, with a generall darkenes and thunder so seeming made to threaten, that you would cry out with the Marriners in the worke, you cannot scape drowning, in the turning of an eye, these waters ravish into a heaven, glorious and angelicall shapes presented, the starres distinctly with their motion and musick so inchanting you, that you would wish to be drowned indeed, to dwell in such a happinesse

Eu. Fine painted blessings!

Hip. Will you feast, the water shall be summond to bring in her finny and shell inhabitants, the aire shall be unpeopled, and the birds come singing to their sacrifice, Banquets shall spread like wildernesses, and present more variety then men can possibly take in surfets. Are you sicke? all the Court shall take phisick for you,

if but your finger ake, the Lords shall put on night-caps, and happiest that Courtier that can first betray how much he suffers with you. Doth not this Pallace please, the Court remoues to morrow: doth the Scituation distast, new places are built, and piramids to put downe the *Egyptians:* will you hunt to day? the game is provided and taught newes to delight you: will you take the pleasure of the River? the Barge attends, Musicke and the Marmaides go a long, Swannes dy a long the shores and sing their owne dirges: will you spend? the Exchequer is yours all honor and offices yours, and which is the crowne of all, the Duke himselfe is yours, whose ambition shall be to make those pleasures lasting, and every day create new ones to delight his Mistresse.

En. And yet I thinke you would not give away
Your right hand for all these, much lesse present
A poniard to your heart and stab your selfe.

Hi. I thinke I should not.

En. And would you tempt me to do worse?

Hi. Worse?

En. To sell my honor basely for these vanities

Hi. Vanities?

En. Meere trifles.

Hi. And you go to that Lady, that which you part withall for All these pleasures, is but a trifle

En. What?

Hi. Your maidenhead? where is it? who ever saw it? Is it a thing in nature? what markes has it? many have beene lost you'ld say, who ever found em'? and could say and iustifie, this is such or such a womans maidenhead? a mere fiction, and yet you thinke you have such a iewell on't

En. You cannot be so ignorant as you seeme

Hi. I tell you what I thinke.

En. Is chastity and innocence no treasure?
Are holy thoughts and virgin puritie
Of so small value? where is your religion?
Were we created men and women to
Have a command and empire ore the creatures
And shall we loose our priviledge our charter

And wilfully degrad our ſelves of reaſon
And piety, to live like beaſts, may be ſuch?
For what name elſe can we allow our ſelves?
Hath it been held in every age a vertue
Rather to ſuffer death then ſtaine our honor?
Does every ſinne ſtricke at the ſoule and wound it
And ſhall not this, ſo foule as modeſty
Allowes no name, affright us? can the Duke
Whoſe wicked cauſe you plead, with juſtice puniſh
Thoſe by his lawes that in this kind offend,
And can he thinke me Innocent, or himſelfe
When he has plaid the foule adulterer?
Princes are gods on earth and as their virtues
Doe ſhine more exemplary to the world
So they ſtricke more immediately at heaven
When they offend.

Hi. I did not trouble you with this divinity,

Eu. I ſee you are a Gentleman he favours
Be worthy of his truſt, and counſell him
To better wayes, his ſhame is your diſhonor;
For every good man ſuffers with his prince:
Put him in the memory of the holy vow,
When he received his Septer
He promiſ'd then protection to the innocent;
Tell him the puniſhment in ſtore for luſt
This were an Angels office.

Hi. But Ile not doo't for a hundred angells, thanke you as much
As though I did, that were the tricke of a wiſe Courtier, tell
The Prince of his faults

Eu. If he have but the ſeeds of goodneſſe in him
Hee'll take it well

Hi. He ſhall doe when I take it upon me,
I am not weary o'my place, thou wodſt make a very fine Court
Surgeon——well dee heare, you wo'not doe this feate for the
Duke then?

Eu. I dare not.

Hi. You wonot y'are reſolv'd for his ſake, why then
prethee doo't for mine, you told me once you lov'd me,

Ile take it as a courteſie;

Eu. I never lov'd your vicious wayes;

Hi. My wayes, they ſhanot trouble you, Ile take my owne Courſe, meet him but to night for my ſake and twine with him.

Eu. Ile ſooner meete with a diſeaſe, with death;
You are ignoble, do you urge it as
An argument of my reſpect to you
To ſinne againſt my love?

Hi. I ſhall do no good upon her—were I the Duke, you ſhould Find another uſage.

Eu. A tirant might do any thing *Enter Duke*

Du. How now is ſhe moiſt and ſupple?
Will ſhe ſtoope to the impreſſion?

Hi. I told you ſir, I was not arm'd toth' purpoſe, you tooke me unprovided, at the next bou't I may do ſomewhat, ith meane time let me Counſell you, to let her feed high, ſhee'le never fall low enough elſe, ſhe muſt be dieted, if you let her pick her ſallets, you may faſt another Lent, and all our paines be not worth an egge at Eaſter.

Du. Come cruell faire one; we may take the aire together.

Hi. So ſo Im'e diſcharged, now to my gueſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clariana and her maide.

Cla. Not yet returnd? I ſhall expect too long
He is a hanſome Gentleman and witty
I muſt not alwayes walke in clouds, his friend
Muſt bring us more acquainted, I do love him.
Not yet? his buſineſſe has much force upon him.

Mil. Madam the doores are lock'd

Cla. What ſhould this meane? he knowes me not
I cannot feare betraying *Enter Bellamente.*

Bel. Now for this Ladybird ha

Mil. Madam tis *Bellamente*

Cla. *Cupid* defend wench, ha.

Bel. Sure tis a dreame

Cla. All is at ſtake, I muſt be confident, how does my ſervant?

Bel. I am wondring

Cla. To ſee me here I warrant

Bel. Is not your name *Clariana*?

Cla.

Cla. Yes.
Bel. Tis not ſure
You are ſome other Lady without a name
Whom our friend made a priſoner to his Chamber,
And cauſe his buſineſſe with the Duke detaines him
Sent me to kiſſe your hand and diſingage you
Cla. Will you not know me then?
Bel. Yes now I looke better on you, y'are *Claria a*
To whom *Bellamente* hath devoted all
His loving honeſt ſervice, ſhe that gave me
Vowes in exchange of mine, if my eyes be not
Vnfaithfull and delude me.
Cla. Come Ile take
Your wonder off
Bel. Take it all off together, I hà not done
My admiration, have I not miſtooke
My way and falne upon ſome other lodging?
Is this your dwelling Madam?
Cla. No?
Bel. His name, I pray you call the owner
Cla. Tis
Bel. Tis ſo and I am miſerable, falſe *Clariana*
O whither is the faith of women fled!
Cla. Youle heare me ſir?
Bel. Was't not *Hippolito*,
Whom I ſo often did entreate to ſee her
My friend *Hippolito*, he wod not go with me
To her, that were too publicke, he had plots
And private meetings, Lady he has ſeene you now
And knowes you too,
And how dee like him Lady, does he not careere handſomely
In the Divells ſadle? my ſoules upon a torture
Cla. Youle heare me ſir?
Bel. I muſt be mad come tell me, why do not I kill thee now,
Cla. Tis in your power to be a murderer, but if you knew,
Bel. I know too much but Ile begin with him.
Cla. What dee meane?
Bel. To write upon his hart he has a buſ'd me,

I like a tame foole muſt extoll his friendſhip
But never for his ſake will I truſt man
Nor woman, you have forfeited your ſoules
There's not a graine of faith nor honeſty
In all yonr ſexe, you have tongues like the *Hyena*
And onely ſpeake us faire to ruine us
You carry ſprings within your eies and can
Out weepe the *Crocadile*, till our too much pitty
Betray us to your mercileſſe devouring.
Cla. When you are temperate enough to heare
The cauſe that brought me hither happily
You will repent this paſſion, in which
I muſt be bold to tell you ſir, my honor
Suffers unkindly—and your friends
Bel. Grow not from fraile to impudent,
Cla. You are reſolved
To be impatient? when you are collected
Bel. Stay I will heare, indeed I will, ſay any thing
Cla. Firſt then you have no cauſe to accuſe *Hippolito*
For breach of friendſhip, had he purpoſ'd any
Diſhonor to your ſelfe through me, he could not
Be ſuch a foole to ſend you to his chamber
Whoe's knowledge, it ſhould laſt of all the world
Arrive at, if you ſoberly conſider.
He knowes not ſo much of me, as my name,
Thinke then but with what juſtice, you have all
This while inveighed againſt him—for my ſelfe
I confeſſe freely ſir I made a viſit
But innocently and pure from any thought
To iniure you; I had a curioſity
To ſee the man you had ſo much commended
That was my fault, and I before you came
Accuſd my ſelfe, and could without your furie,
Have chid my modeſty enough. Yet ſir
You tooke me in no action of diſhonour
My maide was all my company.
Bel. But you look'd for
One to returne, misfortune kept him from you

Tell me but this, if thou haſt any truth
Could any woman *Clariana*, that
Would ha the world but thinke her virtuous
Suffer her ſelfe to be lock'd up ſuſpitiouſly
Within a ſtrangers lodging,
Cla. By all goodneſſe
It was without my knowledge, I was weary
Expecting him, and meaning to depart;
Some minutes ere you came my ſervant told me
I was a priſoner, you have all the ſtory
Which cannot, if but weighd with reaſon
Carry a crime like yours
Bel. Like mine?
Cla. I ha ſaid it
Tis you have made a greater fault then I,
With ſo much violence to condemne before
You know the offence, and I muſt tell you ſir
But that my love is grounded upon virtue,
This were enough to ſtagger my affection
Raile at your Miſtreſſe but for going abroad
To ſee your friend? ſo juſt a one? I ſee
You will be jealous when we are married.
Bel. Never, you have awakd my honour Lady
I dare beleeve and aske thy pardon, truſt me
I will command my paſſions hereafter
And if thou but conſent, give proofe, all jealouſie
Is flowne away, wee'le marry inſtantly
Should he retaine a thought not ſquare of her
This will correct all, he is here, no word
Of diſcontent, put all off merrily.
Lets kiſſe *Enter Hip.*
Hip. How now, he wo'not ſerve me ſo?
Bel. We are acquainted and now you have ſeene
My Miſtreſſe, I ſhall hope, we may enioy
Your company hereafter,
Hi. Ha, your Miſtreſſe?
Bel. mine. *Clariana Clar.* Tis my name
Bel. Come ſh'as told me all

Ile take her word nothing has past offensive,
Salute her now as mine, the character
I gave her, and thy resolution
Not to see her, engaged her to this travell
Hi. May I be confident, you have forgiven
My wilde discourse, my studies shall hereafter
bend all to serve you nobly
Cla There is cause that I should beg your pardon.
Bel. Weele not part.
Now till the Priest hath made all perfect
Hi. Ile assist the Clarke
Cla. You have power to steere me
Bel. Hymen light up thy Torches, woods of Pine
Should be cut up to make thy altars shine. *Exeunt.*

Actus Tertius.

Enter Sebastian. Bouvldo.

Seb. WE might with more discretion sent for wine
To my owne lodgings.
Bo. Ever while you live drinke wine at the fountaine
Seb. Here I am not knowne, let no body interrupt us
Bo. Let it be rich and sparckling, my precious varlet, and how
And how go things at Court?
Seb. After a cup or two Ile tell thee.
Bo. I would *Hippolito* were here, hee's a good fellow, and takes
After his father, the Duke makes much on him
Seb. Her's a good health to him
Bo. Let it come, I am glad to see you sociable, come to the
City and leave purchasing, dutty acres
Seb. The same justice that mine had.
Bo. And it were as deepe as an vsurers conscience,
My boy should ha't

Enter Fidler.

Fi. Wilt please you Gentlemen to heare any musicke.
Bo. Shall have any?

Seb

Seb. By no meanes, it takes from our owne mirth

Bo. Be gon then.

Fi. A very good ſong, and pleaſe you

Bo. Yet agen, will you have your occupation broke about Your head?

Fi. Ile make you laugh Gentlemen.

Bo. Ile make you cry and tune your voyce to the lamentation Of oh my fiddle, if you remove not preſently.

Seb. This is the tricke of Tavernes, when men deſire to be private.

Bo. Come whom ſhal we now remember? heres to your Miſtreſſe

Seb. A Miſtreſſe at my yeeres?

Bo. Till threeſcore y'are allowd, I never wore more favours at one and twenty, this Riband came from a Counteſſe, this locke I weare for a young Ladies ſake, this touch was the fall of a Gentlewomans fanne that is new come to Court

Seb. New come to Court? Ile pray for her, is ſhe vertuous?

Bo. And ſhe be, there is hope the Courtiers may convert her, here's To her firſt *Enter Jugler.*

Iu. Gentlemen will you ſee a Iackanapes?

Bo. How many is there of you?

Seb. Yet more o'theſe raskalls?

Iu. I can ſhew you very fine tricks

Bo. Prethee *Hocus Pocus*, keepe thy grannams huckle bone, And leave us.

Seb. Preſto be gon, or ile teach you a tricke for your Iackanapes Learning, they will be deceiued that chooſe a Tauerne for privacie

Bo. Come our blood cooles; here's to your faire daughter

Seb. Poore girle, I thanke you ſir.

Bo. I do not flatter you, but you may be proud, I ſay no more

Seb. Of what?

Bo. Your daughter, ſhee's a handſome Gentlewoman, the're be Worſe faces at Court;

Seb. Her complexion is naturall, ſhe has no tricke of art A litle breeding ſhe has had; and ſome precepts to guard her Honeſty

Bo. Honeſty where is it?

Seb. It ſhould be every where

Bo. Take heed what you ſay, leaſt you be made to juſtifie it

Honesty every where?
Heres to you, come.

Seb. I speake *Bonaldo* what I thinke, and it would be no Dishonour to the greatest to be the first examples.

Bo. If all were of your mind who should thrive in this world? Pledge me
How shall Christians behave themselves in great offices?
Or under-clarkes purchase honesty? but one terme were enough to undoe the City, the Court were but in ill case if great men should stand upon't, for the Countrey, tis bought and sold every market day.
Come begin to me

Seb. Name it

Bo. To the Duke.

Seb. The Duke, he does not love me

Bo. How?

Seb. No *Bovaldo* he does not,

Bo. He loves your daughter—

Seb. Tis not Princely, Nay I shall dare to tell him so, but To his health.

Bo. Let it come, me thinkes he is a very fine Gentleman,

Seb. I begin to be warme already.

Bo. And one that loves a wench as well—

Seb. As ill thou wodst say?

Bo. As ill as I, let it be so, I were no good subject to deny it To his Highnesse.

Seb. Thou knewest me a Gentleman

Bo. Are you not so still?

Seb. No I'me a Knight, a Lord I know not what,
I'me lost within a wilderness of names
But I will be my selfe agen—the tother cup.

Bo. Tis welcome, shall we double our files?

Seb. This skirmish will doe well

Bo. Charge me home then.

Seb. Now I could talke me thinkes.
I will not prostitute *Eubella* for
The wealth of his whole Dukedome, ther's no honor
To a noble conscience, he is the greatest coward.

Dares

Dares not be honeſt.

Bo. Right, if a man dares not be honeſt he is a Coward
But he that dares be diſhoneſt,

Seb. Dares cut his fathers throat

Bo. A pretty fellow heres to you agen; ſhalls have a wench? now am I addicted to embrace any thing in the likeneſſe of a woman, oh for a Chamber-maide to wreſtle withall; ſend for a brace of *Baſaliskes*, thon haſt no ſpirit no Maſculine vertue, now could I o're runne the whole Countrey of the *Amazons*. Heres to a *Pentheſilia* beare up my valiant *Mirmidon* and we will do ſuch feates ſhall make the *Troians* wonder at our backes and bring Dame *Hellen* to us.

Seb. I prethee leave this humor, tis not generous,

Bo. How not generous take heed what you ſay

Seb. I ſhan ot eate my words

Bo. Then drinke your drinke,
Now *Troy* burnes blew, wheres *Hecuba?*

Seb. Thou art all for wenching,

Bo. Vpon a condition I will drinke to thee
No, no, thou wot not doe ſo much, and a man ſhould die for a lift a'the leg: the Duke has a great minde to thy daughter, he is but mortall fleſh and bloud, there be ſubjects that have as ſound bodies no diſpraiſe to his Excelency.

Seb. Dee not feare to talke thus?

Bo. Feare? would any durſt ſend to me ſuch
A virgin Pinnace, rigd and gay with all flags.

Seb. This is uncivilll, and I ſhall tell *Bonaldo*

Bo. Nay nay, thou art ſo waſpiſh, if a friend deſired a curteſie, that is in faſhion; becauſe the Duke——

Seb. Y'are too bold, and forget your ſelfe, I am
Aſhamd of this converſe; becauſe the Duke?
Did his hand graſpe the Scepters of the world
And would propound e'm all to buy the honor
Of my *Eubella*, I would ſcorne his ſalarie
And tell him he were poorer in his ſoule
Then he that feedes ith hoſpitall, I'me armd
And ſhall grow very angry with your humor
Which ere it nam'd my daughter carried wickedneſſe

Enough, but in her cauſe I am eaſily
Provok'd to teach that tongue repentance dares
Traduce her whitneſſe, I allow a mirth
But do not love this madneſſe, and if I
Might counſell you, there is a way to quench
Theſe wild licencious flames, earneſt of thoſe
Our ſoules ſhall feele hereafter, we are both
In yeeres, and ſhould looke out our winding ſheet
Not women,

Bo. Boy Ile pay the reckoning; Be honeſt and ſee what will
Come on't.
Ile ſeeke out my ſonne *Hippolito.*
Hee'e be ruld by me, here's a coile about a taſſell Gentle.

Seb. Hee's drunke already
That which has raiſd me but to noble anger
Is his diſtraction, theres for your wine
Now to the wanton Duke, heaven let him ſee
His ſhame and know, great men that practiſe luſt
Both kill their body and corrupt their duſt.
Let him fret do what he can,
The world ſhall call, *Sebaſtian* honeſt man. *Exit.*

Enter Hippolito.

Hi. Had I but one thing that did touch on honor
My friendſhip, and is that diſeas'd already
And languiſhing? was it for this I would not
See her that I might treſpaſſe with more guilt
When ſhe was married? are not other women
As faire and tempting? or am I hurried
By violence of my fate to love her beſt
That ſhould be moſt a ſtranger? and does ſhe
Meet my modeſt flame? nay muſt the tapers
Sacred to Hymen light us to our ſinnes?
Luſt was too early up in both, oh man
Oh woman! that our fires had kiſſd like lightning
Which doth no ſooner blaze but is extinct, ſhee's here.

Enter Clariana and Page.

Cla. Where's your maſter?

Pag. There he is Madam
Cla. Why do you walke ſo melancholy ſir?
Hi. I was collecting my ſelfe about ſome buſineſſe
Muſt be diſpach'd this morning, ſirra pray
The groome make ready my horſe.
Cla. Not yet
You do not meane to leave me o'the ſuddaine?
I am alone, my husband is at Court,
Pray rob me not of all my company,
I ſhall not thinke upon his abſence, with
So much ſorrow if you make me happy
With your ſociety.
Hi. There's the Divell already, I cannot leave her
My boy may go howſoever. *Exit. Page*
Cla. Oh *Hippolito*
If you have uſd no charmes but ſimple courtſhip,
Perhaps you may condemne me in your thoughts
That I ſo ſoone (not ſtudying the wayes
Of cunning to diſguiſe my love, which other
Women have practiſ'd, and would well become
The modeſty of a wife) declare my ſelfe
At your diſpoſe, but I ſuſpect you have
Some command more then Naturall, I have heard
There have beene too much witchcraft exerciſ'd
To make poore women dote
Hi. You are not ſerious
In what you ſay? I hope you do not take me
For ſuch a juggler? if you thinke I practiſe
Cla. That looke acquits you, then at my nativity
Some powerfull ſtarre raignd, I have heard Aſtrologers
Talke much of *Venus*
Hi. And of *Mars* when they are
in coniunction, they encline us mortalls
Strangly to love and ly with one another
Cla. I am ignorant
What influence we have from them, but I
Am ſure, ſomething has ſtrangely wrought on me.
Hi. As how Madam?

Cla. Why to love, I know not home,
You know my meaning, but truth witnesse with me
When first I saw your person I gave up
My liberty, me thought I lov'd you strangely.
Hi. I had desires too I could not justifie
But knowledge that you were my friends, for that time
All loose fires, but love that swaid you, then quenchd
And kept your thoughts longing, met with my heart
And scald it up for you, yet when I thinke on *Bellemente*,
Theres wrestlings in my blood.
Cla. Iust when I thinke on him tis so with mine,
That love should be so equall, do'st not stirre you
Sometimes to thinke of former vowes? Nay I do dreame
Sometimes of being surprizd in thy deere armes
And then methinkes I weepe, and sigh and wake.
With my owne grones.
Hi. I never dreame of that
Cla. It is my foolish fancie, yet such feares
Should waking never trouble me, those lovers
That have not art to hide, and to secure
Their amorous thefts, deserve to be revealdꝫ
Hi. Sure there's no woman in the world but this
Could have such power against my friend, each sillable
Renewes her force upon me,
Cla. I beseech you
Although a storme hath throwne me on your shore
Have not so litle charity to thinke
I should accept of safety on another,
It is not possible any but your selfe
Withall the Magicke of his tongue or fortunes
Could bribe me from *Bellemente*, if I fall
For too much loving you, your mercy may
Interpret fairely, by these teares

Enter Page and Groome.

Gro. Sir your horse is ready
Hi. I shanot go yet, Lady if you please
Wee'l walke a turne ith Garden. *Exeunt.*
Gro. Harke you my small friend, without offence is not your

Master

Maſter a—

Pag. What

Gro. I would have another word for a whooremaſter

Pa. How my durty rubber of horſe heeles

Gro. Nay I do not ſay he is, I do but aske, whether he be or no, Be not angry demilance, there be as good gentlemen as he, that love a wench.

Pa. Why is your Miſtreſſe a wench?

Gro. My Miſtreſſe you didapper

Pa. I do not ſay ſhe is, I do but aske whether ſhe be or no, there be as hanſome creatures none diſpraiſd, that take mony for their warren, have I anſwerd you my bold Marchant of dung in a wheele barrow?

Gro. How now Iackalent in ſhreeds of Satten, I ſhall ſwing you with a horſe-rod, you whippet

Pa. Go meddle with your maſters Gelding, and cheate him in the provender to keepe you in perpetuall pots of Ale, when you entertaine the Kitchinmaide in the hayloft, talke of my Maſter?

Gro. Meddle with my Miſtreſſe?

Pa. Yes Ile ſpeake to her to allow you a leſſe proportion of cleane ſtraw to rubb bootes and ly in ſirra, you thinke you are at rack and manger, when you devide beanes with the horſes and helpe to foule the ſtable

Gro. Sirra whelpe that has eaten knot-graſſe, do not provoke me leaſt I fetch a ſmith and curry your thin ſids

Pa. Mine you beane-ſhifter, would you durſt no better ride booty at the horſe match or coſen your Maſter ith next parcell of Oates, I feare you not my canvas ſerving-man with halfe a livery, groome othe ſtable once remov'd from the farrier.

Enter Hip. Clar.

Clar. What at difference?

Both No not we Madam.

Hi. Sirra come hither.

Entreat my father meet me at Court,

Pa. I ſhall ſir

Hi. Theres no haſt for my Nag yet. *Exit.*

Cla. About your buſineſſe ſira.

Gro. My buſineſſe is below ſtaires, and with a Gelding, what he may,

may prove I know not well, what I thinke I will keepe to my selfe, my Lady may be honest enough, but he that is borne to be a Cuckold shall never dy a bachelor. *Exit.*

Enter Duke. Eubella.

A Song which done. Enter Sebastian and Courtiers.

Duke My Lord you are welcome
Seb. Give me leave to tell
Your highnesse I suspect it.
Why should a Prince dissemble?
Du. This dialect becomes you not
Seb. Sir sir I must be honest
Eu. Father
Seb *Eubella* expresse thy duty
To him thou call'st a father, for thy owne
Sake leave this place, the Court's a fire
Du. How sir
Seb. Canst thou not see the flames that threaten thee?
Du. *Sebastian's* wild
Seb. But you would make her tame, looke looke *Eubella*
The Duke himselfe burnes, do not his eyes sparcke
With lust, his very breath will blast thee
Eu. I feare this will be dangerous, good sir,
Seb. If yet thou hast not lost thy innocence
I charge thee, by thy mothers memory
And colder ashes, keepe thy selfe unstaind
Let no temptation corrupt a thought
Th'art richer in thy chastity, then all
The Kings of earth can make thee, if thou fall
Thou kill'st my heart
Du. All this for thy sake we forbeare to punish,
But you should know my Lord
Seb. Lord me no Lords
I grone under the burden of your honors
And here resigne all, give me but my daughter
Du. Let not your passion strangle thus your reason
Seb. Let not a sinne so blacke as lust degrade
A Prince and register thy dishonord name
With foule adulteries

Du.

Du. Yare very bold
Seb. I would preserve the name of our yet honest family
I feare she is orecome already, I do not like her silence.
Du. To take off your feares
Although we neede not give you satisfaction,
By this white brow, she is as pure as when
She came to Court.
Seb. Oh let *Sebstian* fall
Lower sir, I beseech you tread upon me
So you will still be honest to my child,
She is all my comfort
Du. rise.
Seb. But will you not
Hereafter study to betray her innocence?
Or give her licence to returne with me?
Ile aske no more assurance, grant but this
And when we are at home, it shall oblige us
Beside the duties we already owe
In heart to pray for you
Du. We are not pleasd, she should depart.
Seb. Then Ile vnthanke your Goodnesse
And dare thus boldy tell your highnesse, lawes
Are most unjust that punish petty theeves
And let the great ones scape,
Du. We are yet patient.
Eu. Deere sir
Seb. Princes may take our children from us, not
To aduance but kill their names, corrupt their vertues;
When needy men, that steale to feed their lives
Are doo'md to the Gallouse.
Du. Take the frantick hence.
Seb. Take hence the rauisher
Cour. Sebastian.
Seb. Although he ravish not *Eubella*
From her selfe, yet he does ravish
A daughter from her father, and ile voice it
Through every streete, I am not bound to whisper
When griefes so loud within me.

Du. Place him where his noise may make his owne head ake not (others,
This liberty of tongue shall be corrected
Seb. It will but spread thy infamy, when men
Shall speake my cause, and thy lasciviousnes
Which I will tell so often to the stones
The vault shall be ashamd to eccho thee *Eubella*
Du. Away with him
Seb. Do bury me alive, be strong *Eubella*
And let not death by my example shake thee.
Du. This may incline her, do not weepe *Eubella*.
They are not worth a teare, yet tis within
Thy power to ransome their bold heads, were they
Humbled toth block, this Pitty shewes a child
But Princes loose their awe that are too mild.
Bellamente and Servant. *Exeunt.*
Bel. Where's your Lady?
Ser. In her Chamber.
Bel. Whoe's with her?
Ser. None but the Gentleman you left here
Bel. Hippolito? I wonot have so base a thought—Ilt to e'm,
Yet, you may go and say I am returnd and wish her presence.
Ha? there is something busie with my braine *Exit. Ser.*
And in the shape of jealousie presents
A thousand feares, they have beene very loving
Since we were married; thou soules corrupter
Who sent thee to me? to distract my peace,
Be gon, be gon, and scatter thy foule seedes
Vpon a ground that will be fruitfull to thee.
The innocence I carry in my breast
Armes me against the thoughts of others treason.
My friend, my wife? the very names are sacred
And like the heads of Saints, and holy Martyrs
Invested with such glorious beames they strike
Conspiracy blind, how now, whats in thy face? *Enter Servant.*
Ser. Oh sir?
Bel. Whats the matter?
Ser. Would you could understand without my tongue
Bel. How does thy Lady

Ser. My Lady is—
Bel. Ha, why doſt paule vilaine? anſwer me
Ser. Alas I know not with what words to tell you
Would I had never ſeene her, or you never
Married her.
Bel. Ha? ſtay there, Shall I truſt thee now fury? but ſpeake, and
Be not tedious, what is my Lady doing upon thy life?
Ser. Alas ſir it will make you madde.
Bel. Speake or never ſpeake agen, I am prepard
Ser. Pardon my unhappineſſe to deliver then
A truth that will diſtract you, you have now
Nor friend nor wife
Bel. Are they both dead?
Ser. Yes dead to honor, finding her chamber lockt
I know not what did prompt me to make uſe
Of a ſmall cranny, where I beheld em both,
I want modeſt language
To tell how they are falne, and yet too ſoone
I know you cannot chooſe but underſtand me,
Bel. How long haſt thou beene a Raven?
Ser. Good ſir collect your ſelfe,
'Tis my misfortune and no fault to be
The ſad reporter
Bel. Do I live ſtill?
Ser. And ſhall I hope long
Bel. Th'art moſt uncharitable, if thou hadſt lou'd
Thy maſter thou wouldſt wiſh him happineſſe
Which all life denies, is my compoſition
So hard, a ſorrow great and high like this
Cannot diſolve it? wonot my heart breake
With this? then melt it ſome celeſtiall fire,
In pitty of my ſufferings ſome cloud
Of raine, ſince my owne eyes refuſe to drowne me,
Fall and orewhelme this miſerable Iland
Ser. Sir,
Bel. Can this be poſſible? be ſure they are Divells
Or I ſhall find ſuch a new hell for thee—
Ser. I would it were not true

Ser. I would it were not true
Bel. Some mercifull whirlewind snatch this burden up
And carry it into some wildernesse:
Leave not
If it were possible the mention
Of what I was behind, the wolues are honester
Then mankind is to man, I prethee kill me
I kneele to be destroyd, it is thy duty;
When thou shalt tell the world my wretched story
And what soule killing and deuouring griefes
Thy good hand rid me of, it shall acquit thee
And call thy murder charity.
Ser. Good sir.
Bel. O whither shall I runne to find a friend
Will do the gentle office to despatch me
Without my owne hand?
Ser. Rather liue to take
Iustice upon their periuries.
Bel. Good man.
My better Angel how had I forgot
My selfe? Coward to thinke of dying yet.
Who would put confidence in heaven hereafter,
If it should suffer me depart the world
Without revenge, and that my owne upon em.
Come draw, take my sword, I will be double arm'd,
I charge thee by thy duty, or thy life
If that be more, stay you at bottome of
The staires, while I ascend their sinfull chamber
And if my Pistoll misse his treacherous heart
He has no way to passe but on thy sword,
The place gives such advantage that with
Safety thou maist command his life.
Kill him with no compunction then a witch
Fleas a dead Infant for his skin to perfect
A hellish incantation, thou wo't do't?
Ser. Ile do my best he shan't escape
Bel. Wife, friend,
You hang like vlcers on me, I am bound

To cut you from my heart to cure my wound.

Exeunt.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Hippolito and Clariana upon a bed.

Hip. *Cla.* WHat pitty tis these pleasures are not lawfull?
Lawfull? that would take much from the delight
And value, I have heard some Gentlemen,
That want no venison of their owne,
Sweare they had rather strike their neighbors deere
Then hunt in their owne parke, what we possesse
We keepe for our necessity, not game,
Or wearied with enjoying give't a way
To purchase thanks abroad.

Hi. For all that Madam, there is danger in some purlies, and when the Keeper is none of the wisest, their bolts are sooner shot, I like the sport, but would not be taken at the deere stealing, yet for such a Doe as thou art, I would venter——

Cla. Tis no glory to take a towne without some hazard, that victorie is sweetest which is got in the face of danger, when the very cannons are hoarse with clamor, then the bold souldier goes on and thinkes the noise loude musicke to him, give me the man that feares no colours, was there ever any thing worth the enioying that came easily and without trouble to us? what makes a maidenhead the richer purchase thinke you? but I am married and my husband is your friend

Hip. Prethee no more of that

Cla. No more of that, in my conscience you are fearefull this is the ballad right. *Courtier* hey *Courtier* ho, wilt thou be my true love, no no no, fy upon't. I should name my husband often to arme and fortifie our selves, I confesse, I do not wish him here, perhaps he would do some mischiefe, and hinder another meeting, but if he were present now, and should see us kisse, for and he' were ten husbands, I would trust his eyes no further, what

could he say ? for he did but kisse her, for he did but kisse her, and so let her go : come for shame be more sprightly, I have as much reason to looke about, and play my game wisely, if my Cards were considerd.

Hi. Yet you are very confident.

Cl. He does use to keep his word, I know heele not returne this two houres, come we are secure, prethee lets talke o something els.

Enter Bellam.

Bel, Of death.
Are ye vntwind ?

Cla. Are we betraid.

Bel. You did not looke for me—your sword is of no use, dee see Pitty your owne damnations ; and obey me, get into that closet no considering, it must be done : so you are fast, now Lady Lechery dresse you the bed a litle, and lay the pillowes handsomely bestirre you

Cla. Vpon my knees—

Bel. No petitioning, you can sing, quickly or—so so, you sirra at the bottome of the staires, come up. Be wise and do not kneele nor whimper. *Enter Servant.*
Now sirra speake and tell me truly
Or ile search every corner of thy soule
Why didst thou play the vilaine, thus to mocke me
With expectation to find my wife
Playing the adultereſſe with *Hippolito?*
Tell me ?

Ser. Hold sir I beseech you

Bel. What Divell did instruct thee to disquiet
My heart, secure and confident of their honors
As conscious of my owne, no head but mine
To bruise with jealosie, where is he ? shew me
Or take into thy bosome what my vowes
Had fixt for him and her

Ser. If these be eyes I saw em'

Bel. If these be eyes, is that your proofe, lay such
A cause upon the strength of a weake sence
That is a thousand wayes deceiv'd, your eyes !
O *Clariana*, this impudent slave

With

With ſuch a cunning face, told me thou wert
Naught, lock'd in the luſtfull armes of baſe
Hippolito, my friend, my honeſt friend.
One that commands not his owne life ſo much
As I, that wo'd not for a Monarchy
Do me the leaſt diſgrace, haſt found him vilaine?
Ser. Ile looke under the bed ſir.
Bel. And I beleevd him too, and had I found
But the leaſt point of ſuch a ſinne, within
Thy Chamber, furies ſhould appeare more tame
then *Bellamente*, hell ſhould not have malice
Enough to adde to my revenge, but pardon
My eaſie credulous nature, I confeſſe
A fault, for had I lov'd thee nobly as
Became our holy vowes, our vowes *Clariana*
To which we cald the Angells, I ſhould never
Have entertained one thought againſt thy chaſtity
But this ſlave ſhall repent it.
Ser. Hold, I beſeech you ſir? by my life I thought
I ſaw em.
Bel. Thought? is that excuſe
Ser. Good ſir, Ile never truſt my owne eyes after this.
There was *deceptio viſus*. Oh be mercifull
Bel. None but her honor, and my friends to poiſon?
Had this report not firſt arrived at me
How had we all beene ſhamd——doſt thou kneele too
Nay then I muſt forgive him, riſe my honeſt
My deereſt *Clariana*—but I ſhall heare
You will be prating of it, if one ſillable
Come to my eare let fall by thee, that touches
But thy ſuſpition, Ile ha thy tongue
And heart.
Ser. Cut me into a thouſand peeces, Madam your pardon
How was I coſend
Bel. Be gon and thanke her goodneſſe thou doſt live
But do not dare to be ſo deſperate
To come within my eye reach till I call thee
Ser. Ile not come neere you, Ile bury my ſelfe in the Cellar. *Exit.*

Bel.

Bel. So ſo. Now ſir you may come forth agen
Nor do you my moſt excellent whoore, thinke
There is no ſtorme to follow—keepe your diſtance
You have had a feaſt, a merry one, the ſhot
Is now to be diſcharg'd, what do you expect?
Hip. Death, from that hand, I apprehend no mercie,
Not have I ſo much innocenee to hope
You will delay your juſtice,, were I arm'd
With power to reſiſt, I ſhould adde more
Offences by defending of this life
That has ſo baſely iniured you.
Bel. Treacherous ſerpent
Hip. With this I have ſometime releeud your valour
And had no pitty of my blood, but then
I was a friend, in ſuch a cauſe as this
I have no arme no weapon, not, if I
Were ſure the bullet would dceline my heart.
It does beget a cowardiſe to thinke
How I am falne.
Cla. O pardon
Bel. Pardon with what conſcience canſt thou aske it?
Hip. You ſhewed a charity above my hope
By giving a few minutes for my prayer,
Which ſhewés you had no meaning to deſtroy
The ſoule, twas Rare compaſſion, but if you
Could poſſibly forgive?
Bel. How forgive
Hip. I ſay if it were poſſible you could
Remitt ſo foule (in me the blakſt) offence
Not for the love I have to number dayes
But by ſome noble ſervice, to waſh off
This ſhame, this leproſie upon my name
Bel. Ha you found it now.
Hip. I have but vainely interrupt your fury
You cannot muſt not pardon it, ſuch mercie
Becomes not an *Italian.*
Bel. Miſerable woman.
Cla. O ſir, it was my firſt offence, what woman is

Without ſome ſtaine? if all that in this kind
Have ſinn'd, had met with preſent death you would
Not find ſome names, that now ſhine gloriouſly
Within the catalogue of Saints, my ſoule
Is full of ſhame and teares.
Bel. Tel me *Clariana*,
Still I ſhall hit upon thy name, how couldſt thou
Vſe me ſo cruelly? did I want youth
And ſpring about me were my embraces cold
Froſt in my blood? or in thy bed was I
Conueyd a ſnowball, rould up the children
Do to play with winter, did I not affect thee
Beyond all the comfort of the world?
Cla. I know it.
Bel. And thou whom beſt of all mankind I lov'd
Whoſe friendſhip tooke up my whole heart till ſhe
Came in a wife, yet then thou hadſt a ſeate
One ſmall degree below her, when this ſhall be
The talke of *Ferrara* who ſhall truſt his friend
For thy ſake, or at the mention of thy name
Forſweare ever to marry
Cla. Noble ſir.
It is within your power
Bel. To kill you both
Hip. I am prepared ſo well
As this ſhort time will give me leave.
Cla. Tis yet within your power to ſilence all,
What is already done ſhould we turne fountaines
We heartily may grieve for, not repaire,
The world can have no knowledge of our treſpaſſe
Nor your diſhonor, If you ca'l it ſo
Vnleſſe you tell it, you have nobly ſir
Secur'd all ſhame at home, which has won more
Repentance from me then my teares, go on
Increaſe that piety, and be not you
The trumpet of their infamy abroad
Whoſe lives hereafter may be ſpent with ſuch
Religious ſorrow for offending you.

That you may not repent to have forgiven,
Bel. Shall I be wonne with fooliſh pitty?
Cla. Our death will gaine you nothing, but the feare
You ſhannot keepe your owne life
Hi. Or if bloud
Muſt onely ſatisfie, let your ſword here
Bath in revenge, the greateſt ſinner kill
If men were not, what woman could be ill.
Bel. Your feares thus vaniſh, I delight not in
The bloody ſacrifie, live both.
Hip. A miracle
Cla. But ile do more then kill you — tak my love off.
I do deſire never to ſee you more,
Nor will I be a Courtier to occaſion
Meeting hereafter, what is done is circled
Within our knowledge, pray, farwell, for you
I do deſire never to bed thee more
Ile force ſome ſmiles to keepe ſuſpition off
But feare I never ſhall love heartily
Agen, thou haſt undone me here, *Clariana*
And yet I wonot wiſh thee dead for this
Repent and when I die aske for a kiſſe. *Exeunt.*

Enter Bonaldo and a Courtier.

Bon. Not at the Court? why he deſired I ſhould meet him here
Cour. The Duke hath often asked for him
Bon. He waites well in the meane time, who in the name of wantonneſſe keepes him away, I know tis a wench, tis a parlous boy, my owne ſonne to a haire, and he ſhould not love a woman I would diſinherit him, for I am of opinion an Athiſt ſometime is better then an Eunnch, And yet cannot the Court find him game enough, but he muſt leape the pale and ſtraggle ſo farre for Veniſon, that the Duke muſt hunt after him; and he were not my owne fleſh and bloud, I would counſell him to marry, but they are dangerous, and a diſeaſe is more curable then a wife, for ſhe indeed is a hectick feaver, although I buried mine ſeven yeere agoe, yet I feele a grudging of her ſtill, and for a need could gueſſe at the change of weather by the knowledge her noiſe has infuſd into my bones.

Enter Duke, Courtiers. *Cour.*

Cour. The Duke.

Du. Some one looke out *Hippolito*

Bo. If please your grace let it be my imployment

Du. *Signior Bonaldo?*

Bo. Your highnesse humble servant, I am sorry my sonne should be absent, when your grace has service for him, but Ile find him out, I am acquainted with two or three of his haunts I know, a Taverne is next doore to a ——

Du. To a what?

Bo. It has a course name

Du. No matter:

Bo. To a baudy house

Du. Thats not impossible

Bo. To find him there, I cannot helpe it?

Co. He loves him the better for't

Bo. Tis a tricke he learnd in *France* sir, where your nobility practise, he will leave it, when Capring and Kissing are out of fashion with Gentlemen

Du. Oh he is young, I have heard you were as wild at his Yeeres,

Bo. And wilder too I should be sorry else

Du. How?

Bo. I had ne're broke my wives heart else, with supping abroad and midnight revells, I should ha beene troubled with her till this time

Du. She was a shrew it seemes? but you promise actively still?

Bo. Not much for the crosse point,
But with your highnesse licence, Ile find ont *Hippolito*
To attend your pleasure.

Du. Good *Signior* *Exit.*
A blunt honest Gentleman.

Co. He does not boast much honesty, with your pardon sir.

Du. I like the freedome of his discourse, but see *Hippolito*

Enter Hippolito.

Hip. I must not appeare melancholy

Co. *Signior* the Duke expects you

Hip. His graces humble creature

Co. Now is he come from some vaulting schoole Ile lay my life,

He is a pretty Gentleman tis pitty that nothing can perſwade him from the fleſh.

2. *C.* The Duke imployes him.

Co. I leiger at home

Hip. Both in priſon

Du. Both.

We all know *Eubella*, her father is committed to priſon for being To free on's tongne.

Hi. Be confident I will prevaile, I have a new ſpell for her

Du. Be ſpeedy and be fortunate, ſhe is in that chamber Returne with her conſent to love and be What the Dukes power can make thee.

Hip. You too much honor me

Du. Come Gentleman.

Hippo. ſeemes to open a chamber doore and brings forth Eubel.

Hip. Lady, I am ſent to know your full and finall reſolution touching the buſineſſe the Duke propounded, though your father be ſhut up yet change of aire is fitter for your complexion, the Duke is a Gentleman that may command in theſe parts. tis not for want of proviſion, the Duke has a mind to cut up your virginity.

Eu. If this be your affaire ſir, tell the Duke *Eubella* is a rocke.

Hip. Thats very hard

Eu. His mermaids cannot winne me with their ſongs Nor all his tempeſts ſhake me

Hip. Stay a litle There's ſomething more in my commiſſion.

Eu. Hippolito

I now have argument to thinke you were Not borne a Gentleman, ſomething, here is witneſſe I pittie thee, this is no noble office

Hip. You meane a pander it ha's been a thriving way for ſome, But I am imployed by his grace.

Eu. Shall feare or flattery Corrupt a generous ſoule? I am a woman The weakeſt of a thouſand yet I dare Give man example, rather to be ſacrificed. Then betray vertues cauſe, we give our life

To grow agen, from our owne funerall pile
Like the *Assyrian* brid.
Hip Thou hast so rich
A stocke of goodnesse, were all other women
Vitious, thou mightst impart enough to make
The whole sexe white agen, and leave thy selfe
One degree lesse then angell: canst thou pardon
That I have tempted thee so farre? thy hand
To give it a relligious kisse, when next
My tongue is orator in so foule a cause
The argument it selfe turne a disease
And eate it to the roote. I am chang'd *Eubella*
And more to trie thy strength then to orecome
I speake nowe for the Duke, keepe still thy thoughts
Deuout to honor, after I have studied
A yeares repentance for my wrongs to thee,
I will presume to say I love *Eubella*
Eu. But hath *Hippolito* no other meaning?
I understand, and take some ioy to heare this language
Hip. The first proofe of my conversion
Shall be to tell the Duke he has done ill
To court thee sinfully *Enter Duke.*
Du. Howes this?
b*Eu.* Pray do not mocke, if you knew how much,
Delight heaven takes to heare you speake so well
To the distressed *Eubella.*
Hi. By this lip
If my profane touch make thee not offended
Theres is no good I will not act, nor ill
I will not suffer to deserue thy love
But I am miserable and cannot merit
I have not beene at home these many yeeres
Yet I will call my conscience to account
For all, and throw my selfe upon heavens charity,
Why dost thou weepe?
Eu. My ioy can weare no other livery
Then teares, and confident all this is truth

I cannot keepe it in, you ſhall diſpoſe
Eubellas heart.
Hi. Then here I take it in
To my poſſeſſion
Du. Vilaine Strumpet
Hi. Sir, here are none ſuch I can aſſure your highneſſe
Du. Is this your faith to me?
Hi. I never did you.
True ſervice till this minute, and I dare
Now tell you, though you cut my head off, tis
Not juſtice to purſue the ruine of
A harmeleſſe maid
Du. Traytor
Hi. Call me ſome Name, I underſtand my Lord
This virgin now is mine.
Du. Your whoore
Hi. This cannot make me yet forget your perſon
Eu. Sir I beſeech you.
Du. By my Dukedome
Hi. The more you vex the more we grow together
In honor and chaſt love
Du. You ſpeake as if
You were to be her husband,
Hi. Tis a title a prince ſhould be ambitious of.
Du. Very fine
Do you conſent too, to be cald his wife?
Eu. If he dare make me ſuch there is no ſecond
My heart affects.
Du. Iſt come to this? then heare what I determine
Eu. Sir conſider
Du. I have conſidered do not interrupt me
Too morrow if I live Ile ſee you both
Married, thou excellent maide forgive my paſſion,
Accept him freely, thou haſt overcome
With chaſtity, and taught me to be a prince
Which character, my luſt had neere defac'd
Releaſe *Sebaſtian*.
Eu. What duties can poore *Eubella* pay?

Du. No more, good deeds reward themselves, how have we slept.

Hi. This exceeds all your favours.

Du. Cherish my gift *Hippolito*, she is a wife for the best prince, no honor can be enough to satisfie thy vertue. *Exit.*

Co. Here's a strange whirle, I do not like it, if the Duke continue this mind, we must all be honest.

2. *Co.* Who can helpe it?

Enter Bellamente and Bonaldo at severall doores.

Bo. Save you *Signior* is my sonne here?

Bel. He was here very lately, too late

Bo. You do not answer as you were wont,
I aske for *Hippolito*, your friend,

Bel. And did not I answer you?
Cry you mercie *Signior*, indeed he is not here

Bo. How is it with your beauteous *Clariana*?

Bel. Shee's well

Bo. Pray commend my service to her

Bel. What said yee?

Bo. Nothing but my service to your Lady

Bel. Oh I thanke you, pray stay, and tell me how I looke.

Bo. Looke?

Bel. They will perswade me within I am not well
I must confesse there is some cause of melancholy
Within me.

Bo. I guest so at first sight, may I presume to aske it?

Bel. And yet does not concerne me in a higher nature then
My friend, a scuruy chance late hapn'ed to him
One that he lov'd most deerely, you will scarce
Beleeve, made him a Cuckold

Bo. That all?

Bel. That all. Dee understand what I have said?

Bo. Yes a friend was made a Cuckold by a friend
He did his wife and him a curtesie.

Bel. Go home and pray, y'are in a desperate state
This is enough to weigh thee downe to hell

Bo. I am not of your mind, and I had don't my selfe, I should
Never had so much despaire as to hang my selfe, why tis a

Common

Common as ſhifting a trencher

Bel. But harke you ſir, how ere you talkeou cannot in your judgement thinke ſo, are yonmarried?

Bo. What dee ſee in my forehead you ſhould thinke me ſo miſerable?

Bel. Ile tell you then, what a wife is, or ſhould be

Bo. I can tell you, what they ſhould be,

Bel. What?

Bo. They ſhould be honeſt and love their husbands, and for their Sakes their baſtards, which if they underſtand they are bound, to keepe, becauſe their ill conditions drive us a broad to get 'em.

Bel. No, heare me.

A wife is mans beſt peece, who till he marries
Wants making up, ſhe is the ſhrine to which
Nature doth ſend us forth on Pilgrimage,
She was a ſyens taken from that tree
Into which if ſhe have no ſecond grafting
The world can have nofruit, ſhe is mans
Arithemeticke which teaches him to number
And multiply himſelfe in his owne children,
She is the good mans Paradiſe, and the bads
Firſt ſtep to heaven, a treaſure which who wants
Cannot be truſted to poſterity
Nor pay his owne debts, ſhe is a golden ſentence
Writ by our maker, which the Angells may
Diſcourſe of, only men know how to uſe
And none but devills violate

Bo. All this youle juſtifiea wife

Bel. Now tell me *Signior* what puniſhment
That man deſerves, that ſhould deface or ſteale
This wealth away.

Bo. How meane you in the way of lying with her?
I am of my firſt opinion, there is not much treaſon
In't, if ſhe be hanſome

Bel. But is there no reſpect of friendſhip to be obſerv'd?

Bo. Nor kindred much in ſuch a caſe

Bel. Would you not chide your ſonne that ſhould abuſe his Deere friends wife or Miſtreſſe?

Bo. Yes if he ſhould abuſe her, but if he did but ly with her I ſhould commend him, make the caſe your owne would you deny a friend that wanted linnen the curteſie of your cleane ſhirt? a woman is a more neceſſary wearing, and yet never the worſe for't.

Bel. Away thou wot infect my dwelling elſe,
To what a monſter, is man growne

Bo. Fare you well ſir, I ha but anſwered to your queſtions

Bel. Cynick Ile hold thy Lanthorne now, and goe with thee
Through *Athens* and the world to find one man
That's honeſt. *Enter Page.*

Pa. My Maſter remembers his humble ſervice

Bel. To me? Ide rather thanke him to forget it
Why does he trouble me with letters? yet Ile read em.
Ha? to be married to morrow—This is an honeſt
Sentence, my heart bleeds ſtill for wronging you.
Enter Clariana.

Clariana Tis no ſecret

Cla. Ha to *Enbella*, I ſhanot conceale my paſſion, he muſt not marry

Bel. Give me the paper

Cla. Inſpire me love ile croſſe it *Exit.*

Bel. Why does thy maſter boy, ſend me this letter?

Pa. I know not ſir; unleſſe it be to certifie you of his marriage.

Bel. He will marry now and live honeſt, heaven give him joy:
But its not ſo faire to diſturbe my braine
That is not fully ſetled with his triumphes,
What iſt to me? He cannot ſatisfie.
My iniurie if he ſhould court his wife
And prevaile with her
To imbrace me too.
The Duke he writes, will honor his ſolemnity
His conſcience dares not ſuffer him to invite
Me as his gueſt, why then muſt I be troubled
Cannot he laugh and home and kiſſe his bride
But he muſt ſend me word, whoſe ſoule he has
Put miſerably out of tune. *Enter Clariana.*

Cla. Conceale that letter from all eyes but your Maſters.

Bel. Sirra you ſhall returne, and ſay I will dy ſhortly,

Pag. Heaven forbid sir

Bel. That is a kind of prayer, who bad thee thee sayo?
Then if I must live, Ile find out a Hermit
That dwells within the earth or hollow tree.
A great way hence there I shall be secure
And learne to pray for I want charity—be gon boy

Cla. Good sir talke not so strangely

Bel. Fare you well too, Ile come agen to morrow, or I know
Not when, I have much businesse abroad

Cla, Will you ride forth?

Bel. Yes,

Cla. Shall none attend you?

Bel. No I shall be best alone, you know your chamber
Theres none so bold to rob me of my griefe
Yet he thats sad as I, beares his owne thiefe.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Hippolito and his Page.

Hi. I Know not what to resolue, this letter has distracted me
It is not wisedome to acquaint *Eubella*, let me perus't agen.
Sir, though I have repented my love, which drew my dishonor, I have not lost my charitie, and therefore can take no pleasure in your ruine, meet me to morrow earely in the grove behind the Pallace, I will discover a plot against your life, I pitty your danger, and will secure more ioyes to your bride, be secret yet and trust her, that is no otherwise then nobly yours, *Clariana.*
Tis some thing *Bellamene* has designd.
For his revenge, did he speake strangely saist?

Pag. Very strangely sir, he said he would dy shortly

Hi. Thou didst mistake him, he meant I should dy, he wonot kill me at the altar? perhaps I shall be poisoned at dinner, a thousand wayes there are to let out life
I must be certaine. *Eubella* and her father.

Enter

Enter Eubella and Sebastian.

Some truce with my affliction.

Seb. More welcome then my liberty, *Eubella*
Has made my heart glad with your new character
And now my sonne *Hippolito*.

Hip. That title
Will be aboue all honors the Duke can
Let fall upon me, that I have beene wild
I must with shame remember, but my study
Of after life to her and all the world
I hope shall purchase thee a better name.

Seb. You will not leave us this morning?

Hip. I shall returne, excuse me a few minutes.

Eu. Do what you please, but if it be a businesse
You may dispence with

Hip. It concernes my honor, but nothing shall
Detaine me long; all places are but darkenesse
Without thy eies, Ile visit em' agen

Eu. How soone?

Hip. You shall scarce thinke me absent

Seb. We must expect you then.

Hi. May the day shine bright upon thee

Eu. And all the blessings of it waite on you

Enter Bonaldo.

Seb. *Signior* you are most welcome, I entreat you
To call my girle your daughter

Bo. My sonne has made this choise I heare, Ile
Call her any thing

Eu. I shall expresse my duty sir, in all things

Bo. But wheres *Hippolito* —— a buxome thing.

Seb. Sir please you retire, he is new departed

Bo. Whither? a musicall lip.

Seb. Nay we did not examine his affaire
But we expect his quicke returne

Eu. Wilt please you sir.

Bo. I should be pleasd with such another, —a light wench
And a yare, Ile attend you Lady. *Exit.*

 Enter

Enter Clariana Milena.

Cal. Be juſt *Milena* to me, and endeere
My love for ever
Mi. Madam you know my faith
Cla. I promiſt to meet
Hippolito this morning in the groue
Behind the Pallace, to conferre about
Some buſineſſe that concernes, thou ſhat preſently
Excuſe my travell and intreate him hither,
He and my husband lately had ſome difference
I know not why, in this convenient abſence
Of *Bellamente* he ſecurely may
Speake with me here, yet Ile not willingly
Have him come hither by the publick way,
The Garden doore ſhall be left open for him
And a cleare paſſage to this Chamber
Mi. Madam I underſtand,
Cla. Prevaile with him to come, tell him all's ſafe,
Mi. Ile ſweare it Madam to do you ſervice
Cla. But uſe all haſt.
Which way ſhall I beginne, I ſhall want art
I feare to winne upon him, oh for ſome
High, and prevailing oratory to
Expreſſe what my heart labours with! I could
Accuſe my unkind deſteny, declame
Againſt the power of love, raile at the charmes
Of language and proportion, that betray us
To haſty ſorrow, and too late repentance,
But breath is this way loſt, wounds that are made
Require a balſome, and not empty curſes
To ſtate our body, ſhould the Marriner
When a ſtorme meetes him, throw away his Card
Neglect himſelfe and veſſell; and ly downe
Curſing the winds and tempeſt? If he come
As but to doubt doth make me miſerable
The genius of love aſſiſt my paſſion,
I muſt deliver ſomething that doth make
My poore heart well, and will if I conceale it
Like fire lockd up in a thick cloud deſtroy

The priſon that containes: ſhee's returnd
Already. *Enter Milena.*
What ſayes *Hippolito*?
Mi. Like an honeſt Gentleman, hee's at the graden gate.
I told him how things were at home, I met him
hard by, as if he meant without inviting
Having expected you ſo long, to come
Neerer, and waite ſome opportunitie
To ſpeake with you.
Cla. Th'art fortunate admit him, tis not
Safe to expect there, but while we conferre
Vſe thy beſt diligence round about to bring
If there be ſuch misfortune, the firſt newes
Of *Bellamente*
Mi. Ile be carefull Madam. *Exit.*
Cla. I m'e glad hees come
With what looke ſhall I firſt ſalute him?
Milena Hippolito.
Mi. Pray excuſe me ſir!
Hi. Twill purchaſe but a paire of Gloves
Mi. I have him at my fingers ends, well I can but thinke
What ſerviceable creatures we Chambermaids are
Sometimes we are the beſt Cabinets for Ladies, and they
Truſt their Iewells of honor with us, but I muſt looke
About me, I know my office. *Exit.*
Cla. Y'aue ſeene this face before, does it ſeeme ſtrange?
Hi. I have ſeene it, when it was leſſe ſad, but tis
The richer Iewell ſet in blacke, you never
Wore garments did ſo well become you Lady
Cla. I ſhall not love em' worſe becauſe they pleaſe
Your Eye, they fit the habit of my mind.
Hip. Your voice has better muſicke too, it ſounds
As ſome religious melancholy ſtrooke.
Vpon your heart y'aue praid lately I diſtinguiſh
A teare upon your cheeke ſtill tis well done
Cla. If there be any ſigne of ſorrow here
Tis for your ſake
Hip. I cannot blame thy eyes,

If every time, I ame presented to 'em
Th' unhadpy object thou dost weepe *Clariana*,
I have deserved to find the lowest place
Within thy charity, yet such is thy
Compassion, when my fate is cast
And my unworthy life markd for the sacrifice
Thou art willing to preserve *Hippolito*
And to that purpose sentst to speake with me
Cla. You read my letter?
Hi. *Clariana*, I
Shall not have time enough to thanke thee, when
Thou hast discovered what conspiracy
Threatens my head, unlesse you use some brevity
There is a worke this morning to be finished
Requires my personall attendance.
Cla. I am,
Not ignorant what busnesse is designd
It was the reason of my zealous wishes
To change some words before
Hi. I waite your purpose
Cla. You are this morning to receive a wife
Hi. And such blessing as the earth were poore
Without her,
Cla. Tis *Eubella* I understand.
Hi. That most vertuous faire one
Cla. Ile not take from her
I have heard her much commended, but she is
No miracle
Hi. How *Clariana*.
Cla. Our sex were poore
If she alone had all the grace of woman.
Though she be faire, the Dukedome is not so
Barren but it may shew some parralell.
And let it not be thought a pride, if I
Affirme there have beene those, have said as much
Of me, all beavty is not circumscribd
In one.
Hi. You point at that which takes the Eye

And is but halfe a hanſomneſſe at beſt
Vnleſſe the mind be furniſhed with thoſe vertues
Which write a woman faire, but *Clariana*
There is no time for this diſpute, and I
Am ſomewhat ſorry you have falne upon't
When I but praiſd *Eubella* modeſtly,
She is to me the beſt and faireſt now
Of all the world, but turne to the occaſion
That brought me hither, I would heare what practiſe
Is meant againſt my life, which I would now
Preſerue for that deere virgin, more then love
To keepe it for my uſe, I did imagine
How ever *Bellamente* ſhewed a formall
And calme releaſe, yet he would meditate
Revenge at ſuch a time he moſt ſhould wound me
And had not I a perfect confidence
Your thoughts meant ſimple pitty to my danger
I ſhould not thus farre have engaged my ſelf.
Then I beſeech you tell me
Cla. Any thing.
Hi. Why dee delay me thus *Clariana?*
Cla. Pardon o pardon me *Hippolito*
Indeed I will diſcover all the plot.
Hi. I am prepard,
Cla. But there is no misfortune
Leveld at you, the danger is all mine
And I but uſe this policy, to take
My laſt farewell, for I muſt never ſee
You married
Hi. You amaze me, what unhappineſſe?
Will *Bellamente* be ſo cruell to thee
Having forgiven
Cla. A hand more ſevere,
Is armd againſt me
Hi. Is there no prevention
Cla. It is within your mercy to do much
Hi. Pronounce then as much ſafety as my ſtrength
can give thee againſt any enemy be

But *Bellamente*, I have wounded him
Too much already, may I credit then
There is treachery ayming at my blood
Declare what man I must oppose in thy
Protection
Cla. No man
Hi. Y'are misticall
Cla. A woman is my enemy
Hi. There will be
No use of valour then
Cla. But much of love
If you resolve to save bleeding *Clariana*
Thou must oppose *Eubella.*
Hi. What was that?
Kill my *Eubella?*
Cla. It stretches not so farre, onely I beg
You would not marry her, and I shall live.
Hi. Not marry her, why theres no steele can bring
So certaine and so violent a death,
Forsake *Eubella* now, now when shee's dresst
My glorious bride, the Nuptiall ceremonie
And Priest expecting us, I know you speake not
In hope I should beleeve, you may as well
Bid me commit a murder on my life
For this will kill her and we both are one.
Who hath instructed you to this?
Cla. My love
My love that will not suffer me to know
Thou must be given thus away for ever
I could endure thy absence for whole yeeres
And not complaine, repent my equall sorrow
We have so farre offended, while you keepe
Your present freedome, there were then some hope
A possiblility, at last to meet
In new affections to redeeme the old
But thus my expectation is destroyd,
You understand?
Hi. Too much, be not deceived,

There is no love that is not vertuous
And thy consenting thus farre but in thought
Is sacriledge, and thou dost rob the Church;
Twice, first in violation of thy vowes
Which there were registred, and then mine expected
I dare not heare you talke thus
Cla. Is this all?
All the reward for loosing of my selfe
For thy sake?
Hip. Y'are not yet quite lost
Cla. What curse
Made blacke the houre of my conception
Farewell *Hippolito*, when you heare me dead
Come to my grave, and drop one teare upon me
Hip. What meanes *Clariana*? *Enter Milena.*
Mi. Oh Madam looke behind me
I see my Master comming in, and he
Suspecting my hast this way, followes me
With his sword drawne *Enter Bellamente.*
Bel. Are you so nimble? ha.
Hi. Woman thou hast undone me.
Cla. Oh my fortune againe betraid
Bel. Nay then, Ile make sure worke *Exit.*
Mi Alas what shall become of me, the doores are lockt,
Hip. Cruell dessembler.
Cla. Hippolito the sequell shall acquit
My thoughts, I me circled with more certaine danger
And cannot hope life
Hi. Tis not that I feare
To dy, thou knowst I am not guilty
Of any second shame, but my *Eubella*
That every minute lookes to be my bride
How the thought rends me.
Cla. I can prevent his furie
Against thee
Hi. There is no way
Cla. Yes this.
Hi. Ha divell what hast done?

Mi. Alas what ha you both done?
Cla. I thanke thee
Thou haſt ſpar'd my execution on my ſelfe
Ile tell thee now *Hippolito*, by this
This crimſon in whoſe ebbe my life haſts from mē
I did not looke for *Bellamente*, but
Surpriſd I thought it honor to beg in
The tragedy, I know my fate was not
To be reſiſted, twas impoſſible.
To find a ſecond mercy from him, and
I would ſecure no woman after me
Should boaſt the Conqueſt of *Hippolito*
Thy ſword was gentle to me, ſearch't againe
And thou ſhalt ſee.
How my embracing blood will keepe it warme
And kiſſe the kind deſtroyer
Enter Bellamente and Servants, Milena runns in.
Bel. What are you humbled? maſt not ſerve your turne.
Cla. We have deceivd your triumph.
Hi. Bellamente.
Cla. Heare me firſt, and know this bold hand ſav'd
Thy fury to *Hippolito*, whom with
My laſt breath I pronounce not in a thonght
Guilty of new diſhonor
Bel. As ſoone perſwade
It'is not day:
Hi. This letter ſummond me
Cla. I had no other meanes to ſpeake with him
And my unruly love did prompt me to it
Hi. I tremble not in my innocence to thinke
Of death but my *Eubella*, poore *Eubella*
Cla. If ſhe but lovd thee as I did, ſheel'le follow
Furies will lend a torch to light her to
The ſhades we go to
Bel. Is the wickedneſſe all thine?
Hi. Except the wound my haſty ſword
Gave as reward for this too neere my heart
I feare

Cla. Doſt feare ?
Hi. For poore *Eubellas* ſake
Bel. Now thou haſt met a juſtice in thy blood
For thy firſt ſinne, but I will have a Surgeon
Hi. Send for *Eubella* rather
Oh let me breath my laſt upon her lips
It will concerne thee *Bellamente* ſomewhat
The world will think this murder was thine elſe
Bel. Make haſt:
O woman thou didſt weepe once, when thy teares
Won my forgiveneſſe, where are all the drops,
The penitent ſhowers, in which thy ſtained ſoule
Should bath it ſelfe, this minute lanching forth
To thy eternity.
Cla. Th'are of another colour, oh forgive me
Good heaven, I have wrongd thee *Bellamente*
Oh wives hereafter, meane your hearts to them
You give your holy vowes, what miſt weighs downe
My eyes already, oh tis death I ſee
In a long robe of darkeneſſe is preparing
To ſeale them up for ever, twere no death,
If we could looſe our ſinnes as we do breath
Bel. Shees gone to a long ſilence, place her body
There and then gently raiſe *Hippolito*
To the other chaire
Hi. Haſt, haſt my deare *Eubella.* *Enter Bonaldo*
Bo. How came this tragedy ?
Hi. Give me your laſt bleſſing
Ime going a long Pilgrimage, you gave
Too great a licence to my youth
Bo. Howes this?
Hi. My wanton bloud now payes fort, *Clariana*
And I have changd a wound, where is *Eubella?*
Bo She is too neere this griefe, this puniſhment
Should ha beene mine long ſince, I was his father
In ſinne as well as yeeres, ſhe is dead already
Thy glaſſe had many ſands till it was broken
Then thoſe few minutes that are left of mine,

Ile number with my prayers. *Enter Duke. Eub. Seb. Court.*

Eu. Hippolito.

Hip. My wound hath had a happy patience. Farewell.

Seb Eubella

Bo. He is departed

Du. Bellamente who hath done all this?

Bel. Ile do my best to tell you
Here's all thats left of them whom how I lov'd,
Heaven and my poore heart knowes,

Eu. And is he slaine?
But once more let me kisse him.

Bel. I did not kill em sir, they were too willing,
To leave the world together, but their wrongs
All all the paiment for my honest love
awakd me to revenge, and had they beene
The very strings that tye my life together
It should ha falne to peeces, but their hands
Prevented mine.

Du. The cause? you rather leade me
To thinke you were their murderer, we must
Be better satisfied or your blood must answer
For this effusion.

Bel. The cause my Lord—tis growne since it came hither
Pray give me leave, because you shanot suffer
Ith expectation, you shall have it all
Together, this *Hippolito* and that *Clariana*
Harke there tis. *Enter Milena.*

Seb. His griefe has overchargd him

Du. None to decipher these sad characters?

Mi. With your pardon I can

Seb. Be comforted *Eubella*, all thy teares
Will not recall his life

Eu. Pray give me leave
Since he is dead to embalme him, had I di'ed
Before him, hee'd ha wept as much for me.

Du. We have heard too much but moderate *Eubella*,
Thy sorrows, he survives that will supply
A bridegroome, and thy vertue bids me tender

My

My ſelfe a recompence for thy ſufferings
Eu. I know you wod not lead me to forget
Hippolito ſo ſoone, I dare not thinke
Of being a Bride agen.
Seb. Does your grace meane this honor?
Du. By my Dukedome.
Seb. After this ſhower is over, ſhe will ſhine
Doubt not my Lord, and bleſſe her happy ſtarres
Du. Lead from this charvell houſe they ſhall be interrd
With all ſolemnity becomes there birth
And when their funerall rites and teares are done
New joyes ſhall riſe with the next mornings Sunne.

Exit omnes.

FINIS.